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I KNOW A PLACE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Between the wind-swept grasses and the swell
Of the flecked and freshening sea I know a place
Scented with warm spray always. Here I trace
Into the soft sand words of an old farewell
When I am sad, or else I weave a spell
Of rapture from a cool Egyptian vase
Remembered in delight, and here the grace
Of quiet comes upon me like a bell
Heard beneath water faintly audible. . . .
Here with the privilege of one dear face
To look upon, God grant that I may dwell
Through the white days of April and the days
That follow in a flower-tumult . . . space
And the spilled foam murmuring into a shell.

SEA-DESIRE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

At every keel-dent in the deep,
At every liquid rim,
At all wharf-lappings,
Wheresoever seaweeds creep
And fish swim,
By all sail-flappings—
Let my soul be
Endlessly.

Let me face the tidelight now,
Its flush and shiver;
The dank green smell at the bow
Of any ship
On any river—
There let my soul slip
Out of me
And be!